

match in the gas tank

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30061212) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30061212>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Praise Kink , Name-Calling , Collars , Leashes , Light BDSM , Light Bondage , Asphyxiation , Choking , Hand & Finger Kink , Voyeurism , this is not pet play there's just a collar involved :) , Alcohol , like 2 beers but u know , Barebacking , Power Bottom , Dom/sub , Subspace , submissive top , george is a dom power bottom in this one , good for him , dream is a submissive top in this one , good for him x2 , Fire , I'm back at it again with the nature metaphors babey , BDSM , Restraints , Nervousness , Crying , Emotional Sex , dream just really loves George and George really loves dream , Spit Kink
Language:	English
Collections:	MCYT , Books That I finished , The Greatest Smut
Stats:	Published: 2021-03-15 Words: 6615

match in the gas tank

by [GenOfEve](#)

Summary

“What exactly didn’t you mind? Like, the pain or...” George shrugs, perfectly emulating the nonchalant aura that Dream had so nervously tried to display moments ago, considers his next words, “... Or the feeling of having something around your neck?”

Dream gets collared for the first time. It’s a lot better than either of them expected.

Notes

this ones for discord *blows kiss*

but it’s also for steph who comforted me through having to write naughty words!!
and ariel who offered me the most DETAILED reviews whenever i sent her my drafts!!
and of course, laura, my beloved, who just really has been craving some saucy
powerbottom George and sub top Dream moments <3333

“Wait, so, the shock collar stream— you *actually* had it around your neck? *Not* your wrist?”

Dream really isn't quite sure how they got onto this topic.

All he knows is that he'll say anything when George looks at him like that.

All dark lashes and curious flickers of his brown eyes, pupils blown to adjust to the dim lighting of the living room, or perhaps, something deeper, something hidden in the way the lingering words hang in the air and curl around them both, thick like smoke and haze, addicting like nicotine, reminding them of just how close they are, and just how far apart, all at once.

When George blinks at him patiently, slowly, intentionally, Dream swears he can smell smoke, the sulfur dioxide of freshly struck match, smell ignition.

He swallows, unintentional, the result of George's sultry blinks. Clears his mind, taps on the empty glass in his hand, drums bitten fingernails against it, nervous.

He can't even blame the alcohol. He's only had one beer.

And yet, he continues with the topic.

“Well— Well, yeah. I wanted it to be genuine, you know? It wasn't that bad though. I kind of—”

He cuts himself off.

Stares at his warped reflection in the clean glass, at the remnants of the foam from the beer tracing along the sides of it, glances daringly at George, who has an eyebrow raised, ever so patient with him, waiting for him to continue.

There's no getting out of this.

“I kind of didn't mind it,” he continues, with a shrug that he tries to make look nonchalant, but he can feel the way it stutters, “I don't know.”

There's a pause. George sips at the amber liquid in his own glass, and flicks his gaze up and down, over Dream, considering, knowing.

It's not fair.

They've fucked before, to the point where George could hardly speak for the pleasure he was receiving, too choked up by the sensations, by the way he was arching his back almost painfully at each touch, each stimulating graze, each hard, desperate thrust.

And yet, it's not *fair*, how Dream falls apart under George's watch so *easily*.

He's had George pinned underneath him, yes, but George never fails to pin him with his gaze alone, his curious, slow observations, just bordering on the side of sensual with the way his looks caress him.

Dream's never admitted it, but he thinks George might know, nonetheless.

"What exactly didn't you mind? Like, the pain or..." George shrugs, perfectly emulating the nonchalant aura that Dream had so nervously tried to display moments ago, considers his next words, "... Or the feeling of having something around your neck?"

His gaze never falters, as he peers up from under those too-long eyelashes.

Oh, he's *certain* George knows.

"I— I'm not sure," he fumbles under George's burning stare, breathes in the smell of matches, ignoring the strange mood that has settled in the air, in his chest, "Like, the pain was punishment for taking damage, but it was also encouraging in a way, and it— I don't know."

Dream laughs, sets his empty glass on the coffee table in front of them, focuses on that instead of the smouldering air that chokes him with the scent of ozone, feeling lost, and a little more out of control than he'd like to be.

"And the collar itself?"

He'd left that out intentionally. Trust George to pick up on it. He knows him too well.

He needs another drink. He *never* drinks.

"Uh..." He sighs, laughs, hears his voice tremble with the nerves of admission, "I *guess* you could say I didn't hate it. I don't know. I've never really thought about it."

George hums, shifts, and the alcohol licks it's way up against the glass as he takes another sip.

Dream thinks he can taste ash.

"Do you trust me?"

He turns his face back to George, finds him staring, eyes clouded with his hidden thoughts and something darker, and he freezes at the sight.

Dream can hear the way his breath pauses mid-inhale, catching at the appearance of George's confident, domineering contemplation, something he's never truly experienced before, only caught brief glances of in the bedroom when George defies him, or meets his motions with more force than necessary, when he pushes Dream over the edge.

It's startling.

It's new, and it's *frightening*.

But, of course Dream trusts him, and he tells George so, and he feels his heart flutter when George's lips quirk up softly, breaking the dominance of his current expression, a moment of honest love, before he chases the rest of his drink, and the dominant mask slips back down as he leaves the glass next to Dream's and stands.

"Come with me."

Dream follows his motions, and the two glasses are left discarded on the coffee table as they exit, drops of liquid left pooling in the bottom.

The burning air follows them, however.

"Sit," George gestures with his head toward the bed as he walks toward the back of the bedroom, to the open closet, "Close your eyes."

The command in his voice is light and unexpected. Dream isn't used to being on the receiving end of such a tone.

He complies nonetheless, ignores the spark of embers that crawl along his spine when he does so, when he seats himself on the edge of George's bed, closes his eyes, and politely obeys George, his knee bouncing erratically with nerves as his toes tap the ground, and his fingers grip at the fabric of his sweatpants.

Something is unzipped from behind him and he flinches at the sound, but he resists the urge to open his eyes, and listens instead as George paws inside of a bag for something.

Dream hears the hum of satisfaction when he finds what he's looking for.

Soft footfalls round the bed and approach him, and George makes a soft sound of approval.

“You kept your eyes closed,” his voice is soft, awed and with a teasing lilt, “Aren’t you good?”

There’s a heat to the air in Dream’s lungs, but his blood feels like ice water as it courses through his veins.

They’ve talked about this before— about the way Dream falls apart so easily under the *slightest* hint of praise, about how *quickly* he snaps when George moans from underneath him, and tells him just how amazing he feels, about how he flushes down to his chest when George compliments him teasingly, brattily, even in his most dominant mindspace.

They’ve talked about it, they’ve utilised it, but never once, has George told him he was *good*.

Not like this.

“Are you ready?”

Dream hesitates. Nods, uncertain.

“I guess.”

Something is gently looped around his neck, not heavy, but still weighty, the material of it soft and thick as it presses against his skin, save for the cool twist of metal tucked against the hollow of his neck, and Dream realises he’s holding his breath.

George’s own breath washes over him as his deft hands fiddle with something metallic sounding, and Dream breathes in deeply, inhaling the tang of hops, resists the unexpected urge to shake.

“You okay?” George queries, voice soft as the thing around Dream’s neck is pulled taut, fabric closing around him, one hand tugging at it, checking the tightness as the other slides a buckle into place, “Not too tight?”

Dream has the sudden realisation that he can’t speak.

He shakes his head, wordless.

George fiddles with the metal loop at the front of the thing, before he steps back, hands sliding away, and Dream finds himself subconsciously leaning forward, chasing his touch.

God, what’s happening to him?

He keeps his eyes closed, and he reaches up, pretending that his hands aren't trembling as he feels for the thing around his neck, curious.

It's a *collar*.

There's a soft material that lines the inside, gentle and comforting against his skin when combined with the weighted pressure of the collar's presence, but the outside is leather, smooth and buttery.

His shaking fingers trace the metal d-ring of a buckle, and he gradually brings himself to feel the loop of cool metal at the base of his throat.

It's twisted in the shape of a *heart*, and something about it makes Dream swallow.

At the bottom of the open, metal heart, something is linked, connected, and Dream feels his brow furrow in confusion at the sensation of it under his searching fingertips.

"Colour?"

George's voice freezes his curious hands.

Colour. This is a scene now.

Dream breathes in, slow, deep, tries to steady his quivering exhales, soothe his nerves at the unfamiliarity of it all, focusing on the low, hot, flame of want that licks at his skin and leaves him restless.

Want and curiosity wins out.

"Green," he rasps, manages a shaky smirk, "Do your worst."

George chuckles.

"Alright then."

That's all the warning Dream gets, as he's yanked forward, through the hazy air, harsh and

unforgiving as he falls from the bed, breath leaving his body in a shocked gasp. His eyes fly open when his knees hit the carpet, and his palms fly out to save himself, prevent an entire collapse. They skid along the floor, and the carpet grazes the skin of them, *burning*.

He straightens up slowly, remains on his knees and grabs at the collar, eyes wide as he finally takes in what's connected to the metal heart of his collar.

It's a corded, fabric leash, looped and gathered in George's slender hands, George who stands just out of reach, and smirks down at him, knowingly.

Dream doesn't know how to breathe.

George tugs on the leash, hard, and forceful, and Dream's palms hit the ground once more as he is forced to *crawl*, pulled closer from the pressure around his neck.

When he's close enough to lose the strain of the leash, Dream straightens into a kneel once more, gaze turned to the floor, shy, uncertain. George reaches out and cards a hand through Dream's hair, gently guiding his head to lean forward, and press against his thigh.

"You *like* this, don't you?"

His nails scratch the skin of Dream's scalp, and Dream's eyes flutter shut as he leans into George.

The hand in his hair shifts suddenly, and the gentle sensations are replaced with a biting pain as George grips a handful of hair and pulls, forcing Dream to look up at him, at his disappointed scowl.

"That was a question, Dream," George grips, and Dream whimpers, "*Don't you?*"

He can't nod with the way George has his head angled so firmly.

"Yes," he breathes, voice strained with the stretch of his neck, "I like it."

George's scowl dissolves into a pleased smile.

"Good boy."

The hand in his hair disappears, Dream's head goes limp against George's thigh once more and he

shivers.

He is good. He'll be good. He'll be so good.

“Undress me. I know you want to.”

He does.

He's careful in his movements, slow and precise as to not slip with his trembling, nervous hands, fumbling with the button on George's jeans before it finally gives, and he slides the denim to the floor, letting his hands hang placid at his sides, useless, waiting.

George kicks the crumpled pants to the side, and tugs on the leash in his grip, wound around his hand to keep it taut, despite their closeness.

“You're not done yet.”

George's underwear does little to hide just how hard he is, and Dream's mouth *waters* when he pulls them out of the way, letting George's dick spring free, watching as it smacks against his stomach, dampening the t-shirt he wears.

He can't help but lean forward to taste, to lap at the pre-cum beading at the head, eyes falling shut as George's breathing stutters, revelling in the tang of salt on his tongue, on the way he hears George suppress a moan when Dream slides his hands up over his hips to grip at him, hold him in place.

He doesn't get to taste for long.

There's a vicious jerk of the leash, upwards and away, and the motion of it applies pressure to Dream's throat, leaving him gasping for air that won't come, and causing him to throb painfully in his sweatpants at the headrush it gives him.

He blinks up at George in shock as his hands scrabble at the collar, adjusting his position to relieve the chokehold it has on him, George who stares down him, his expression almost appearing bored — *almost*— if it wasn't for the tension in his jaw, clenched with restraint.

“Who's in charge here, Dream?”

Dream can't help but stare, can't help but gaze upon the way George looks in front of him, nothing but an old, faded t-shirt of Dream's covering him, just barely so.

The leash is yanked once more, snapping Dream back into focus as it tightens the collar around his neck once more, demanding his attention.

"Dream."

Question. He's been asked a question. The realisation settles into his cloudy mind.

"You," he pants, catching his breath as he answers, "You're in charge."

"Did I say that you could touch?"

He shakes his head, slowly, uncertain.

"I don't need to cuff you too, do I?"

Fuck.

Dream *loves* it when he gets to tie down George, to get to cuff him to the bed frame, or caress his skin with elegant knots, loves seeing the way he arches his back to try to get to Dream, to defy the bonds that hold him.

Imagining himself in that position is something else.

Dream's hands restrained, Dream *himself* restrained entirely, completely at George's mercy, unable to touch, to tease like he so desperately wants to, unable to please him, despite craving for it so intensely, the heat of want and need burning through him like wildfire.

It must show on his face, because George's lips curl into a smile, smug and intrigued by this development.

"Oh, you *like* that idea, do you?"

Dream has to answer. He's been asked a question. He knows how this works.

He has no desire to disobey anyway.

He nods, a short, jerk of his head, shy to admit.

“You’d do *anything* for me, wouldn’t you.”

It’s not a question this time.

If it were, George would already know the answer.

Dream can feel warmth rising in his cheeks, and watches the way George’s eyes take him in, hungrily, observing his reactions as he states the simplest of facts.

Dream would do anything for him, yes.

It’s not a question this time, but Dream nods anyway, just to see the way George flushes and preens under the attention, before sinking back into his current persona.

“*Stand.*”

Dream stands, and his knees tremble as he does so, following the actions of his shaking hands that rest upon the heart-shaped loop in the centre of his collar.

The metal no longer feels cool against his skin.

It *blisters*.

“I’m going to disconnect the leash for a minute. Can you be good?”

He can be good.

Dream nods, and he releases the twisted metal as George steps forward, undoing the clasp that binds Dream to the leash in his hands.

Dream doesn’t feel any less restrained, and his hands quiver by his side, aching to touch the man in front of him.

No, the removal of the leash doesn’t change a thing. After all, he’d still do anything for George.

And George asked him to be good. *So he will.*

George steps back a moment, takes him in, reaches down with his free hand to squeeze his own dick around the base as he does so, the slightest gasp falling from his lips, and Dream has *never* felt so *deprived*.

“Colour?”

“Green,” Dream rasps, “*please*,” he begs, although he does not know what for.

To touch, *or to be touched*, to hold, *or to be held*.

George’s face when Dream begs is a delight, a delicious combination of soft, hazy love, like smoke from the beginnings of a fire, partnered with the embers beneath it, etched with desire and adventure, desperation and want.

Not quite a fire just yet, but it *burns* all the same.

“Undress.”

He fumbles with the knot on his sweatpants, pushes them down to the floor along with his underwear, and sheds the shirt he wears, the one that has begun to cling to him like a second skin as his body sweats with the heat of something *filthy*.

He watches as George sheds his own shirt, marvels at the way he looks under the lightning, adores the way his skin curves against the bones of his hips and clings delicately along the more slender areas of him, wants to run his hands the flat planes of George’s stomach, wants to lave over them with his tongue, taste the salt of sweat and pre-cum left where George’s cock rests against his belly.

He wants to worship him.

George catches him staring, and Dream feels so vulnerable like this, so exposed and uncertain, that he can’t help but look away.

He can still feel George’s gaze on him, and the mere seconds that pass feel like hours.

“Come here.”

George’s voice is but a whisper, and yet Dream thinks of it as a *roar*.

He closes the space between them in two short steps, focused on the ashy carpet beneath them.

One of George's hands cups his jaw, gentle and soft.

"Look at me, Dream."

He obeys, as painful as it is.

George's face is coloured a delicious shade of rose, heated with his own wants, with the burning ache of restraint, as he denies Dream from touching, touching him, touching himself.

He knows that George's eyes are brown, a rich shade of chocolate, but under the shadows of smoky eyelashes, under the haze of this burning room, they are burnt *black*, shining onyx with need, with determination.

It is the barest hint of love in those eyes, unable to be entirely hidden, that *breaks* Dream, and he swallows the threat of a dry *sob*.

"I'm putting the leash back on, okay?"

He nods.

George re-clasps the lead to the metal heart, which scalds the hollow of Dream's throat. George's free hand doesn't come away from Dream's jaw, and his thumb strokes along the apple of Dream's cheek, fingerprints catching on stubble.

"So *good* for me," George croons, "Such a *good* boy."

Dream thinks he might *cry*.

An unintentional gasp tears its way from his lips, the praise settling over him, comforting and dark, and he squeezes his eyes shut to prevent the tears from forming.

He's so hard that it *hurts*, and George hasn't even *touched him yet*.

George bumps their noses together, keeps a firm grip on the lead, mere inches from where it connects to the collar, an indication of the power he currently holds over Dream.

When he tugs on it slightly, Dream bows his head, and George slides their lips together, soft and

gentle, a stark contrast to the pressure he keeps on the lead.

George's tongue laps at bleeding lips, at cuts Dream wasn't aware he'd opened, teeth digging into himself in an effort to stop the weak cries he could feel threatening to spill over, to *shame* him so.

George *licks* at them, soothes the jagged, shallow wounds and it's *filthy*, but it's oh-so sweet, and finally, *finally*, a broken whimper forces its way through a tainted mouth.

Dream eyes are screwed shut, but it does nothing to stop the beginnings of tears, dampening blonde lashes to a muted shade of brown, until finally, one gathers in the corner, and falls.

He can feel the way it tracks down his cheek, and with the fire burning underneath his skin, he's surprised the heat doesn't turn the liquid into steam.

It falls, and it rolls, until it bumps into George's hand, still cupping his jaw, and he feels his lover still, feels him pull away from their kisses, and Dream whimpers again, chasing the softness of George's tongue once more.

"You're crying," the pressure on the leash is dropped, and the rope slumps against Dream's bare chest while George's now-free hand presses lightly against his heart, "*Shit*, are you okay? What is it?"

The weight of George's palm sits lightly over a pounding heart, over the very centre of a long-burning flame, and how it *roars*.

So loved.

Dream is so loved.

He sobs, once, soft and choked, and the thumb against his cheek is gentle as it wipes away tears.

"Good," he shudders to admit, "It— It's so *good*."

He's never felt this way before. He feels like smoke, drifting away, coiling high above in the air, floating dangerously, and the heat— *god, the heat*— it's almost too much to bear, but yet it is still just not enough.

Dream struggles with his words, with the foggy incoherence that clouds him. The shame of crying eats at him, and he turns to bury his head in George's hand, to hide his tears.

"Love you," he mumbles against the palm, muffled by skin, "Need you. *Please*."

“Oh,” he can hear the teasing surprise, the recognition, the *understanding* in George’s whispered tone, the sudden realisation of what exactly is taking place, “You gone all submissive for me, Dreamy?”

Dream’s never gone into a subspace before. He’s *seen* it, on past partners, on George.

At times, he’s seen the way he babbles nonsense trying to beg, in between the malleable, dizzy spells, he’s felt the way he paws at him, desperate, needy.

He’s never felt it himself. But he knows George is right.

He nods against the palm that holds his face, feels another tear slip down his face.

“Colour?”

Please.

“Green.”

It’s barely a whisper. But he’s never been more certain of anything in his life.

“You’re so *pretty*,” George murmurs, “Even like this.”

He thumbs a tear that forms at the praise, at the way it *burns* him.

“*Especially* like this.”

George kisses him again, licks his wounds once more, and Dream revels in the delicate drag of his tongue against his own, and he shivers when George traces his fingers across his chest, hand coming back to grip at the leash once more.

“Just how good can you be for me, Dream?”

George’s breath skates across his face, and the softness of the moment is shattered by the sharp tug on the lead, and Dream opens his eyes, blinks at the sudden influx of light, and stumbles as George steps away, rounding him to sit on the edge of the bed.

Dream’s sheets are black. The contrast against George’s skin is *sinful*, bringing out the crimson flush that has spread down his chest, the small smattering of freckles here and there, like flecks of

paint, a masterpiece.

One hand holds the leash. The other grips himself.

All Dream can do is watch, awed and aching, as George strokes his cock lazily, slowly, from base to tip, *teasingly*.

“You distracted, Dream?”

He is.

He can’t remember what George asked him before.

With a forceful yank, he stumbles, and the haze of his mind clears moderately.

He remembers.

“I can be good,” he promises, voice trembling, cracking, still broken as he cries, “I can be so, so good for you, George— *please*.”

He sinks to his knees without being asked, but he doesn’t use his mouth yet. Touching got him in trouble last time.

Skin brushes against the friction burns on his palms as he presses them downward, against George’s thighs, restraining himself politely.

He’s a good boy.

“*Please*,” he whimpers again, eyes glued to the way George thumbs at the drooling pre-cum at the head of his cock.

He needs it so bad.

Pressure on the lead directs his gaze upward.

George releases his cock, lets it smear against his stomach, and with a dirty hand he grabs at Dream’s jaw, pushing his damp thumb past sore lips to get him to part his lips, wider, *wider*—

George leans down, and he spits into Dream’s open mouth.

The sensation of it, wet and warm against Dream's tongue makes him moan, makes him *desperate* to *taste*, and he swallows it down, swallows around the thumb pressed against his bottom lip.

George groans at the sight, and Dream *preens* at the sound, knowing he's done well, he's been good.

"More," he mumbles around the intruding digit, nipping at the tip gently as he glances up at George, "Please."

"More *what*, Dream? You want me to spit in your mouth again? Want me to claim you, like the filthy little whore you are?"

The degrading name is far cry from the earlier praise, and Dream flinches at the way his dick throbs at it, shys away from the feeling, shakes his head as good as he can with George's grip on his chin.

"M' not a whore."

"You are. Say it."

His body *prickles*, and he can feel more traitorous tears slip out at the intensity of it.

He shakes his head again. *Defiant*.

There's pain when George keeps the grip on his jaw tight, but doesn't hesitate to pull on the leash with vigour, and the air is forced from Dream's lungs.

He can breathe, but only slightly, and the room spins as he is deprived of oxygen, and he moans at the euphoria that washes over him as a result, and George takes the opportunity, pushing on his bottom jaw once more, and Dream waits, patient.

Nothing comes.

"You," George laughs, low, cold, "Are a *whore*. And you know the rules, Dream."

He removes his thumb, just barely, and runs it along Dream's lips.

“So what’s it going to be?”

Dream looks away when he says it, soft, embarrassed, ashamed.

“I’m a whore,” he whispers, and he shivers at the bite of *shame*.

“There’s my good boy,” George coos, “Took you long enough, whore.”

He manoeuvres Dream’s face once more, pushing his mouth open to lean in and spit before letting go, and Dream swallows it greedily.

“*Thank you*,” he gasps, the warmth of praise and burn of shame a painful combination, and he loses grasp on his words, babbling, “Thank you— Thank you, *thank you*.”

“You can thank me by putting that mouth to work.”

He doesn’t hesitate to obey George this time, weak to his demands, *desperate to please, desperate to taste*.

George’s cock is heavy in his mouth, a delectable weight against his tongue and Dream doesn’t waste time, sinking down as far as he can, taking George all the way to the base and feeling the way his own cock *leaks* at the way George arches his back, accidentally thrusting upwards, unable to maintain his stoicness when Dream deepthroats him so suddenly.

“Jesus, *fuck*, Dream—“ he gasps, and Dream pulls back to lick at the head, teasing, loving, shallowly bobbing his head.

The shallow licks don’t last, not with George knotting one hand into Dream’s hair and pushing, other hand tugging at the leash, forcing him back down as George bucks his hips once more.

“Don’t tease,” he snaps, “*Whore*.”

Dream thinks it’s shameful, the way he can’t resist moaning at the name, moaning around George’s cock.

“Fuck, it’s like you were *made* for this. You’re always so eager to please me, Dream,” George laughs, breathless, pulling at Dream’s hair, thrusting up into his mouth again when the pain makes him moan once more, “Should have collared you a long time ago. It looks so good on you, too. So

fucking pretty for me. Such a good boy.”

The praise is layered on thick, and Dream can feel the tears forming again, the intensity of his emotions heightens.

He looks up at George, through tear-stained lashes, pleading as he sucks at the head, before sinking down again, crying at the way George feels, buried down his throat, restricting his airflow.

George knows what he needs.

He always does.

“You always get so turned on when you give head,” George murmurs through twisted sighs, “I bet you’re— I bet you’re *aching* by now. Leaking cum all over yourself— *oh, fuck*— so desperate to be touched.”

He is. His hips twitch and he thrusts against empty air, whining around George’s cock.

“Come up here, Dream,” George releases the grip he has on Dream’s hair, tightens the one on the leash, “Show me.”

He’s shaking when he stands, when he slides onto the bed as George shuffles back, dragging him with him.

He kneels on the sheets, and closes his eyes once more, exposed, shivering. He jolts when George touches him unexpectedly, eyes flying open when he wraps a spit slick palm around his cock and strokes him, pausing to palm at the head and drag a bitter cry from Dream’s ruined mouth.

“Oh, Dream,” George’s voice is low as he palms at him, “That looks *painful*.”

The head is nearly purple, Dream’s dick swollen from the teasing, the praise, the degradation, slick with spit and pre-cum, and it *is* painful, it *hurts* how much he *needs*, and he *sobs* when he nods.

“Tell me what you want, Dream.”

He wants *everything*.

His hands clench into fists at his side, and he feels another pearl of pre-cum ooze out of his cock as he tries to gather his fleeting thoughts.

“Wanna touch you,” he chokes out, “Wanna fuck you, hard, wanna fucking fill you up with my cum—“

He whines when George squeezes him, and then lets go.

“Sit.”

He falls to a seated kneel, ass against his calves, and he watches, pained, burning, boiling, scalding, melting, as George releases the leash for a moment to reach for the bedside table.

“You’re gonna watch me prep myself,” *god, that’s not fucking fair*, “You’re not allowed to touch me. You can touch yourself. But, I want you to tell me when you’re gonna cum.”

His gaze is hard when he uncaps the lube.

“*Got it, Dream?*”

Dream nods, and he wraps a hand around himself, *finally*, hissing at the sensation, over-sensitive and throbbing.

George leans back against the pillows, tucked up against the headboard, legs spread and Dream stares as the boy he loves spills lube over his fingers, and angles the first one into himself.

When George moans, his head falls backward, hitting the headboard with a dull thud, and Dream whimpers at the sight of him fingering himself open, and he squeezes the base as it throbs.

“Such a shame you can’t touch me,” George murmurs, breathless, slowly thrusting his finger, down to the last knuckle, and then back out to the first of the joints, “You’ve got such good hands for this.”

Dream can’t help but speed up his motions at the praise, gasping as George works a second finger in, still talking.

“Such *big* hands. You know, before we started doing this, I used to think about them,” George’s lips curl into an easy smile, lips parted in a gasp while Dream *stares*, “Used to think about how they’d feel on me, the bruises they’d leave, the way you could hurt me so *good*.”

Dream thrusts into his hand when George sighs out the last word, scissoring himself lightly before sinking both fingers all the way back in with an arch of his spine.

“Always thought about how big your fingers were compared to mine. How they’d fill me up so perfectly. How they’d hit *all* the spots I just *couldn’t reach*.”

Dream shudders, and chokes out—

“M’ gonna cum—“

“*Don’t.*”

Dream grips himself at the last second, squeezes hard, *cries* as his cock aches and twitches in his palm, leaking heavily from the tip as he denies himself an orgasm, and he feels the way his body burns with a flush that floods along his skin, magma seeping through the cracks in his broken composure.

Where the leash hangs limp, brushing against his burning skin, Dream swears it leaves blisters.

The moisture of his own tears offers no relief from the heat as he whimpers, watching George insert a third finger with his own desperate whines, all while showing far more composure than he ever could.

“You’re doing so good for me, you know that?”

Dream shudders, and he nods weakly, still gripping his dick firmly, too afraid to move for the sensitivity, lest it push him over the edge and he disappoint George.

“And you’ve been so *still*. I haven’t even had to use the leash again.”

“Wanna be perfect for you,” Dream mumbles, looking away, shyly, “Always have.”

“Don’t stop looking at me, Dream.”

He turns his gaze back, chokes back a groan as he watches the way George’s fingers disappear inside of him, feels his own free hand twitch with the desire to take over, to please him, to be the one causing those quiet gasps to spill from his mouth, to make him *beg*—

But he’s not allowed to.

And he promised he’d be good.

So instead he just watches, head clouded with smoky desire, eyes pricked with tears as he slowly, gently, begins to stroke himself again, revelling in the way that George's gaze drops from his face, down, down, to watch his hands as he touches himself, mouth falling open as he moans at the sight, a wordless praise that has Dream *itching*.

"The first time we fucked— *oh god* ," George hisses out as he angles his fingers, arches his back, "I knew you were going to ruin me."

He laughs, breathless, teasing, his expression sly yet loving, and it knocks the wind out of Dream's lungs.

"Loved how big your hands were. Loved how big your fingers were. And then you fucked me, and I knew I wouldn't be able to settle for anybody else ever again— *fuck* ," his eyes roll as he speaks, words becoming rushed as he speeds up his own pace, and Dream mimics him, "You were *everything*. I've always been yours. Are you mine?"

Dream can feel the tears forming again, the love in George's words despite the vicious, sinful bite to them is all too much, and he nods as he thrusts into his hand.

"Always have been," he manages to choke out, "Always— George, *please*."

He can't take it anymore.

George knows it. He removes his own fingers with a gasp, and finally, he fumbles forward for the limp cord of the leash, and yanks it, pulling Dream forward, down, kissing him with a ferocity that has Dream jerking his hips subconsciously, dick sliding along the smooth flats of George's skin, staining it and leaving it sticky as George bites at his bottom lip.

George's hand replaces Dream's own, and Dream stills as he feels the lube, warmed by the caress of George's hand, being coated generously over his dick.

"Tell me you're mine," George whispers, voice rasping, "Tell me again."

"I'm yours."

There's no hesitation in his words. He wasn't lying.

He's *always* been George's.

From the moment he realised just how much he meant to him, from the very beginning, he never wanted to let go.

Dealing with the jealousy had been bitter and uncomfortable, his desire to both possess and be possessed forever at the forefront of his mind, staining each of his choices with desperate attempts to garner the attention of his best friend, to keep it on him, to make George smile, make George laugh.

Dream had wanted to be the reason for George's happiness for years. It just took him a while to figure out exactly *why*.

But he had *always* been George's.

"I'm all yours," he whispers once more, just to see the way George's lips curl up, far too soft for the situation they're currently in.

The next tug on the leash is almost gentle, George's hand positioned up close to the clasp, leading Dream back down.

"Come on then."

George tucks his knees up to his chest, hand still firmly on the leash and Dream is gentle when he pushes in, his eyes fluttering shut as he groans, George whispering praise to him as he encourages him to go deeper with a sharp pull on the leash.

"Always forget how big you are," he sighs, when Dream's hips finally meet skin, pausing to let George adjust, "You always fill me up so fucking nice."

Dream can't help the way he trembles when he places his hands on George's waist, marvelling at the amount of skin he covers when he spreads his fingers.

The lead is pulled upon again, this time with more vigour.

"*Fuck me,*" George gasps, shifting his hips, trying to seek friction, "Come *on*, Dream, you've been so *good*. Fuck me hard, like you said you wanted to."

Dream pulls out slowly, until just the head is left, and he buries himself back in with a sharp, punch of a thrust, gasping slightly at the tension in the collar around his throat, airways restricted in just the right amount.

He loves the way George *screams*.

He's so on edge, so built up, so fucking *hard*, and he snaps at the sound, and he digs his fingers into George's waistline, gripping hard at the soft skin there, pressing bruises into flawless porcelain, letting George feel just how much he's *burning for him*.

He fucks George hard, and fast, driving in at an angle that he knows drives George insane, brushing his prostate and causing him to scream, to beg, to fluster.

"God, *fuck*— Dream, that's so fucking good— *right there, fuck*— Dream, Dream, god, I love you —"

The praise that litters his broken cries pushes Dream, and he's not gentle when he leans down to bite at George's neck, misbehaving, but George grips the back of his head and leans in, close enough to kiss, and spits into Dream's open mouth.

"Mine," he hisses, "All mine— god— I'm gonna fucking cum, Dream."

Dream fucks him harder. He's so fucking close, and he can feel sweat pooling on his skin, the bed catching fire beneath the heat of their love, but he won't stop—

"Tell me I'm good," he whispers, quiet, nervous, "Please."

George pushes loose hair from his forehead when he kisses him, groaning into his mouth.

"You're the fucking *best*, Dream."

Dream wraps a hand around George's cock, and watches as with two strokes, the man underneath him cums, spilling over his own chest and stomach, splattering some on Dream's burning skin, and Dream groans at the sensation of George tensing around him as he cums.

Overstimulated and exhausted, George gives one last hard tug on the leash, causing Dream to thrust in *hard* as he grinds down to meet him.

The heat breaks as Dream sobs, and he cums deep inside of George, *shaking* as he whines out how he loves him.

George pets his face lovingly, shushes him as he cries from the overstimulation, from the intensity of everything that just happened, and he whispers too-sweet words, as Dream finally, slowly pulls out, and collapses next to him.

Dream continues to tremble, and George is gentle when he wipes down both of them, and so tender when his fingers carefully undo the clasp of the leash.

When he reaches for the buckles of the collar, Dream shakes his head.

“Leave it,” he rasps, “Please?”

The collar stays on. George still loosens it, however, just enough to keep Dream comfortable as he tilts a water bottle to his lips, and promises that he loves him as he soothes him through his first sub-drop, wipes away uncertain tears as Dream comes back down to earth, and finally, *finally*, the wildfire is extinguished.

And if the collar becomes a more frequent item in their life?

Well, that’s nobody’s business but theirs.

End Notes

power bottom George supremacy babey

songs 4 collaring ur lover 2:

poppy - play destroy (ft. Grimes) (title track!)

ashnikko - daisy

arctic monkeys - r u mine

alison wonderland - want u

royal blood - figure it out

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!